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LOVE DIARY
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JUNE

Love Diary

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

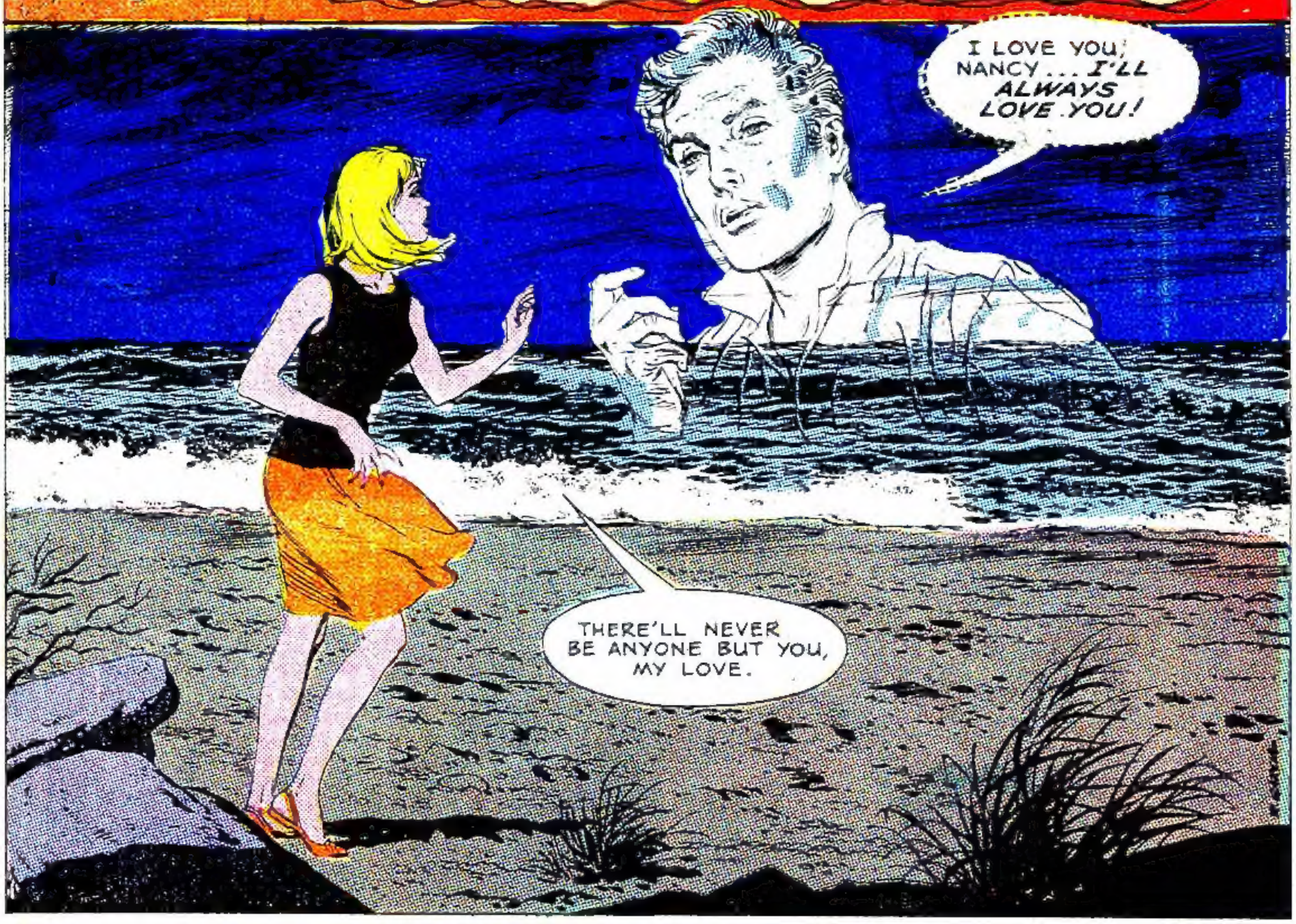
I am home again! What should be a time of joy becomes a time of heartbreak and sorrow... for the boy I love is in the arms of another girl!

"Some Day I'll Have Time... FOR LOVE"

Welcome Home Laurel

SORROW SONG

I COME HERE EVERY EVENING .... HERE WHERE I WAS STANDING THAT EVENING WHEN THE SQUALL STRUCK ... THE EVENING WHEN I SAW MY BELOVED STEPHEN DIE! HE'D BEEN TRYING TO GET THE MAINS'L DOWN, STANDING ON THE DECK OF HIS LITTLE BOAT, WHEN SHE STRUCK ... HIS HEAD SLAMMED THE PLANKING AS HE WENT OVER-BOARD .... AND MY DARLING HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN AGAIN! SO HERE I AM ... LISTENING TO THE LAST ECHO OF HIS WORDS .....



SCRIPT BY: J. GILL, ART BY: GARCIA, LETTERED BY: AGNEW.

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WE WERE SO CERTAIN THAT WE'D BE THE HAPPIEST TWO PEOPLE IN ALL THE WORLD ... AND FOR AWHILE, I GUESS WE WERE.

THIS IS STEPHEN'S CAR... HIS FATHER MADE ME TAKE IT AFTER ... AFTER STEPHEN DISAPPEARED.

HE SEEMS SO NEAR ... IT ISN'T AS THOUGH HE DIED! HE'S AT MY SIDE WHEREVER I GO... WHEN IT'S STILL LIKE THIS...

I HEAR HIS VOICE SAYING ...

I LOVE YOU, NANCY! I SHALL *ALWAYS* ADORE YOU!

I'D KNOWN OTHER GIRLS WHOSE MEN DIED... IN VIET NAM... OR IN A CAR ACCIDENT... AND THEY GOT OVER THEIR GRIEF. BUT, I'M DIFFERENT... I'M CLINGING TO THE MEMORY OF HAPPINESS ....

WHEN I ARRIVE HOME, I SEE THAT WE'VE GOT COMPANY... AND I WONDER SADLY WHEN DAD IS GOING TO STOP INVITING OTHER MEN INTO MY LIFE.

THERE YOU ARE, NAN. I WANT YOU TO MEET JOSH NAYLOR, DEAR... HE'S ONE OF THE BRIGHT, YOUNG MEN WHO RECENTLY JOINED THE FIRM.

PLEASED TO KNOW YOU, MR. NAYLOR.

I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO CALL YOU NAN, OR NANCY... AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CALL ME JOSH.

IT ISN'T FAIR TO LET A GUEST GET STUCK WITH THE CHEF'S JOB, JOSH.

I ALWAYS WIND UP WITH THE CHORES, NAN. I DON'T MIND...

LIKE STEVE... HE ALWAYS WOUND UP GETTING THINGS DONE! FUNNY... HE REMINDS ME OF STEVE *IN A LOT OF WAYS!*

ONE MEDIUM RARE FOR THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE!

I WAS ASKING YOUR DAD AT THE OFFICE YESTERDAY IF HE KNEW OF ANY EMPTY BERTHS AT A MARINA AROUND HERE.

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I SUGGEST YOU ASK AROUND YOURSELF.

THANK YOU, I'LL DO THAT.

WAIT, JOSH... I DIDN'T MEAN TO ANSWER THAT WAY.

STEVEN Y-YORK HAD A BERTH AT WINDY POINT MARINA... NO ONE ELSE HAS TAKEN IT SO FAR.

STEVE'S? I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT THAT, NAN. YOU SEE... I KNEW STEVE FAIRLY WELL.

YOU WERE ENGAGED TO STEVE, NAN? I SAW YOU WITH HIM ONCE OR TWICE AROUND TOWN.

WE WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT SPRING, JOSH.

I...I'M NOT OFTEN LIKE THIS BUT Y-YOU REMIND ME OF HIM, JOSH! I C-CAN'T HELP IT!

TAKE IT EASY, NANCY.

JOSH SAID GOODNIGHT TO MOM AND DAD SHORTLY AFTER THAT AND THEN I WALK WITH HIM TO HIS CAR.

I GUESS I'D BETTER GO WITH YOU TO THE MARINA, JOSH. ALLEN RIVERS, THE MANAGER, MIGHT NOT LET YOU HAVE IT IF I'M NOT THERE.

I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M INTRUDING ON YOUR MEMORIES, NAN. IF YOU'D RATHER I...

DON'T BE SILLY, JOSH. SOMEONE WILL GET THAT BERTH...AND IT'S BETTER FOR SOMEONE STEVE KNEW TO HAVE IT.

BRAVE WORDS? I FEEL TERRIBLY GUILTY LATER WHILE I'M WAITING FOR SLEEP TO COME....

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

WHEN SLEEP COMES, I DREAM... AND, AS USUAL, I'M ONCE AGAIN IN STEVE'S ARMS.

MORNING IS DIFFERENT SOMEHOW... MOM HAS SET THE TABLE ON THE PATIO AND I NOTICE AN EXTRA SETTING.

JOSH CALLED. HE'S DRIVING HIS BOAT TO THE MARINA AND I SUGGESTED HE STOP FOR BREAKFAST.

HE ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME MOVING IN ON US, IS HE?

SHE'S LOVELY... JUST THE BOAT STEVE ALWAYS WANTED.

MORNING, NAN. AM I IN TIME FOR A CUP OF COFFEE?

YOU'RE NOT GETTING OFF THAT LIGHTLY. MOM HAS SMOKED HAM, EGGS, TOAST AND COFFEE WAITING...

SOUNDS FATTENING ... AND *DELICIOUS!*

JOSH HAS A GREAT APPETITE... HE REALLY ENJOYS HIS FOOD. I DON'T MIND HAVING HIM AROUND AFTER ALL...

I TELEPHONED THE MARINA. MR. RIVERS WILL BE THERE UNTIL NOON.

JOSH AND ALLAN RIVERS MAKE THE NECESSARY FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS WHILE I WATCH THE MARINA CREW PUT JOSH'S BOAT IN THE WATER....

I'LL BET IT SAILS BEAUTIFULLY, JOSH.

BUT, I DIDN'T PLAN ON GOING SAILING WITH YOU, JOSH! I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT SINCE...

THEN IT'S TIME YOU WENT AGAIN. TAKE THE TILLER, WILL YOU?

SHE HANDLES BEAUTIFULLY, JOSH.

TAKE IT NOW JOSH.

YOU SAIL FOR AWHILE, NANCY.

IT FEELS SO SWEETLY FAMILIAR THAT FOR A MOMENT I ALMOST THINK STEVE IS ALIVE AGAIN AND IT IS HE, THERE SO NEAR.

YOU FOOL! HE'S DEAD... *GONE FOREVER!*

CICLON

HEY, WHERE'D THIS COME FROM? I CHECKED THE WEATHER REPORT...

FOGS ROLL IN QUICKLY HERE. PERHAPS IT WON'T LAST THOUGH...

WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH, JOSH. ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS WAIT.

I'M GLAD I'VE GOT COMPANY OUT HERE...

I FEEL AS THOUGH STEVE WERE NEAR ... I CAN ALMOST HEAR HIS VOICE.

I OFTEN HEARD STEVE'S VOICE BEFORE... IN MY DREAMS... OR WHEN I WENT OUT TO WINDY POINT TO THINK OF HIM. BUT NOW IT SEEMS CLOSER AND MORE REAL.

STOP BUILDING YOUR LIFE AROUND A MEMORY, DARLING. DON'T THINK OF THE KISSES WE SHARED... LET JOSH TAKE MY PLACE NOW. YOU'VE GRIEVED LONG ENOUGH...

FOG'S LIFTING, NAN...

STEVE IS RIGHT... I CAN'T LIVE WITH A GHOST THE REST OF MY LIFE.

ALL CLEAR AHEAD, NAN...

I SEE CLEARLY NOW... I'VE LEFT THE BAD TIMES BEHIND ME!

CAN I SEE YOU TONIGHT, NAN? PERHAPS HAVE DINNER... AND DANCE A LITTLE?

NO, JOSH. NOT THIS EVENING. I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO DO. PERHAPS TOMORROW NIGHT.

I'VE GOT TO THINK... AND THE PLACE TO DO THAT IS *WINDY POINT.*

BUT, I'M CONFUSED NOW. I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER STEVE'S FACE....NOR HIS KISSES.... AND I DON'T HEAR HIS DEAR VOICE.

WHY? WHAT CAN I DO?

GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE TO LIVE WITH THE LIVING, NAN! LET ME INTO YOUR LIFE...

BUT STEVE AND I VOWED... WE...

THIS IS WRONG! I PROMISED STEVE I...

I BELONG HERE! IN JOSH'S ARMS...

THE STORM IS PAST... ONE LOVE HAS DIED... AND PERHAPS ANOTHER IS BEING BORN IN MY HEART.

NOW, MILADY, ABOUT DINNER TONIGHT?

OH, ALL RIGHT... YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY, ARE YOU?

END

CANTEEN CORNER

We have asked one of the leading authorities in the country to write a special column for this publication. It will consist of answers to problems of Teen-Agers who are in high school. Dr. Harold Gluck has had many years of experience with boys and girls of your age. He knows what bothers them and the sensible help and advice they need. So, if you have a problem, write him a letter. State your situation simply and briefly. There will be no personal replies. But from your letters will be chosen one to be answered in this column in every issue of this publication.

Dear Dr. Gluck:

I enjoy reading your answers to the letters that girls send to you. I notice that most of them always begin with telling you that they have a problem. So perhaps what I have to say is a little different. It goes this way - I don't know if I do have a problem. Maybe all you have to do is to clear something up for me. I will tell you how it started.

We live in the suburb, not too far from a big city. And we have a very nice high school. I am a junior and next term I become a senior. This concerns Fred who moved here with his parents three months ago. His father was transferred to a branch of the company for which he works. My father works for the same company. Fred goes to our high school now. When they came here, people invited them to their homes. That is how I met Fred.

We hit it off perfectly, right from the start. He dated no other girl and I went only with him to parties, dances, games, and the movies. And I started to dream. Fred would be the only man for me. I went over to visit him and he had a surprise for me. His hobby collection had arrived and now it had been set up. What a shock I got!

His entire room was decorated with African war shields, lances, bows and arrows, and what looked like real skulls to me. He said they were imitation ones. Now I am puzzled. Should I say anything to him about it? Or maybe stop seeing him? What do you suggest?

Sincerely yours,
Arlene A....

Dear Arlene A:

A hobby is a good thing provided it doesn't become sort of an obsession with the person. Some boys have enjoyed their hobby so much they have gone into a business connected with it. Like stamp selling, old coins, antique guns, etc. I will admit there are many kinds of hobbies. And what one person enjoys very much may not make sense to another person. Some people collect old car and bus transfers. Some collect match books from all different hotels and night clubs. And what about girls who have large doll collections?

Sometimes a hobby is outgrown by a person. I know a boy who once had a very large collection of soda bottle caps. Then one day he dumped them all into the garbage can and that was the end of his hobby. On the other hand, I know a boy who had a very large collection of rocks - and still has them. You see - he became a geologist.

I think I know what bothers you. Deep down inside of you, you are wondering if this particular hobby shows something of the character of the boy that you have missed. I have to assume that he is collecting these items with the permission of his parents or they feel it best to let him alone. You might ask Fred or his father how the hobby started. But do not show that it annoys you in any manner. Who knows? He might have lived in Africa for several years as a boy.

I know a wife who once told me she can't see any sense in the hobby her husband started. But it makes him happy, and she commented that perhaps it is better for him to spend his money that way instead of gambling or drinking. I also know a wife who has acquired her husband's hobby. He likes to collect items from the Revolutionary War. They travel together to historic places and enjoy it.

Cordially yours,
Dr. Harold Gluck

If you wish to write a letter to Dr. Harold Gluck, address it:

Dr. Harold Gluck
C/O Charlton Comics
Charlton Bldg.
Derby, Conn. 06418

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of publisher) Burton N. Levey

HE LOVES ME... HE LOVES ME NOT!

I WAS GIVING THE PARTY, DEAR DIARY... GARY AND I HAD INVITED OUR CLOSEST FRIENDS, THE GIRLS WHO'D BE ATTENDANTS AT OUR WEDDING AND JOE CASPER, GARY'S BEST MAN, HAD BROUGHT HER ...MITZI HOLT... THE ONLY GIRL GARY EVER KNOW OF WHOM I'D BEEN JEALOUS! AND WHEN I WENT OUT INTO THE KITCHEN, DEAR DIARY, I SAW THAT I HAD THE BEST OF REASONS FOR MY JEALOUSY!

OH, NO. THIS CAN'T BE REAL... IT MUST BE A *NIGHTMARE!*

WHAT SHALL I DO?

SHE'S SO... SO *BEAUTIFUL!* NO... NOT *BEAUTIFUL!* NO...NOT BEAUTIFUL... SHE'S *SOMETHING ELSE! WHATEVER* SHE IS, GARY LIKES IT... THAT'S OBVIOUS! WHAT WILL I *DO??*

DON'T GET SHOOK, ANNE. THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING!

B-584 SCRIPT BY: J. GILL, ART BY: V. COLLETTA, LETTERED BY: A. MACHINE.

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

HEY, GORGEOUS, WHERE'S MY DRINK AND THOSE GOODIES YOU WERE BRAGGING ABOUT? DO I HAVE TO GO INTO THE KITCHEN MYSELF?

GO INTO THE...OH NO! NO ONE GOES THERE BUT ME! YOU WAIT... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

MITZI! GARY, YOU GAY DOG, DON'T HOG YOUR BEST MAN'S GIRLFRIEND. HE'S INSIDE CHEWING HIS FINGER-NAILS RIGHT NOW!

ARE YOU *SURE YOUR* NAILS DIDN'T GET GNAWED TO THE KNUCKLES, ANNE?

NOT REALLY, MITZI. RUN ALONG, WILL YOU? I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL MY HANDSOME FIANCE! HE'S SO ATTRACTIVE, DON'T YOU THINK?

LAY OFF, ANNE.

GARY'S LIKE A SULLEN LITTLE BOY. POUTING AND ANGRY BECAUSE HE WAS CAUGHT AT THE COOKIE-JAR, DEAR DIARY!

YOU SAW US, DIDN'T YOU?

HOW COULD I HELP IT, YOU *WANTED* ME TO KNOW, DIDN'T YOU?

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO MARRY ME, JUST SAY SO, GARY. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KISS HER PUBLICLY LIKE THIS IN ORDER TO GIVE ME *A HINT!*

DARLING, COME HERE! I LOVE...

DON'T YOU *TOUCH* ME!

I SMILED. IT WAS KILLING ME, DEAR DIARY, BUT I WENT BACK INSIDE WITH THE SWEETEST SMILES ANY GIRL READY FOR MURDER EVER WORE!

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE WE HEARD? IT SOUNDED LIKE A...

WELL, IT WASN'T, DARLING MITZI. DO YOU WANT SOME CAKE OR CANDY... OR ARE YOU *SWEET ENOUGH* THE WAY YOU ARE?

YOU LOOK GREAT, ANNIE. SAVE THE BLOW-UP TILL THE SPECTATORS LEAVE. WHICH REMINDS ME, DOLL, WE'RE READY TO GO ...AND IF I EVER CATCH YOU WITHIN 10 FEET OF THAT MANTRAP, I'LL CUT OFF YOUR ARMS!

THEY TOOK THEIR CUES, DEAR DIARY, AND LEFT EARLY. MITZI AND JOE WERE LAST OUT. DARLING MITZI...

WE MUST GET TOGETHER SOON, AGAIN, DEAR. MAYBE WE FOUR COULD...

DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK, TABBY. GET LOST. SEE *YOU* SOON, JOE.

IT WASN'T NECESSARY TO EMBARRASS POOR JOE! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT...

LISTEN, BIRDBRAIN, YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T START A ROW RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF *EVERYONE!*

NOW WE'RE ALONE, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS? WILL YOU TELEPHONE EVERYONE AND TELL THEM THE *WEDDING IS OFF* OR SHALL I?

WEDDING IS *WHAT?* ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? AREN'T YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY?

SHE WRECKED MY MARRIAGE... THAT'S WHY SHE CAME HERE TONIGHT. I'VE NEVER LIKED HER AND SHE'S ALWAYS HATED ME!

WELL, SHE SUCCEEDED... *SHE CAN HAVE HIM...*

I SLEEP HORRIBLY, DEAR DIARY. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY HEART TO PUT ON MAKE-UP...

I SEE YOU'RE NOT WEARING YOUR RING. VERY WELL. BUT YOU WILL NOT APPEAR IN PUBLIC LOOKING LIKE THAT. PUT ON MAKE-UP... *WHERE'S YOUR PRIDE?*

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MOM.

THIS IS SATURDAY MORNING. I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT FOR A FITTING FOR MY WEDDING DRESS. MY ATTENDANTS WILL BE THERE...AND WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO HAVE LUNCH LATER.

I'VE GOT TO TELL THEM...SO I'LL MEET THEM AT THE DRESS SALON AND WE'LL HAVE OUR LUNCHEON ANYHOW.

MY FRIENDS ARE FURIOUS, DEAR DIARY. IF MITZI HOYT COULD HEAR WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY ABOUT HER...

IT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE. SHE MIGHT HAVE WAITED UNTIL AFTER THE WEDDING TO STEAL YOUR MAN, ANNE.

I SUPPOSE SO. THAT IDIOT, GARY...HE'S SUCH A FOOL!

THE DRESSES HAD BEEN FITTED, DEAR DIARY, AND THEY'D BEEN PAID FOR. SO, WE HAD OUR FINAL FITTINGS AND THEN WENT FOR LUNCH AS ORIGINALLY PLANNED. BUT IT WASN'T A GAY AFFAIR... WE WERE PRETTY MISERABLE...

WHAT WE SHOULD DO IS *TAR* AND *FEATHER* THAT MAN-THIEF!

SHE'S SICK, ELLIE. THE ONE I'M REALLY ANGRY WITH IS *GARY!*

WHAT I'M WONDERING IS... WAS *HE* KISSING HER... OR *BEING* KISSED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

GOT WAY IN THE KITCHEN FIRST, ANNE. HE DIDN'T FOLLOW *MITZI* OUT THERE SHE WENT AFTER HIM!

[illegible] MEAN, ... OH, NO...

IT COULD'VE HAPPENED THAT WAY, HONEY. MITZI *NEVER DID* LIKE YOU, REMEMBER. IF SHE GRABBED [illegible] WHEN SHE KNEW YOU WERE HEADING THAT WAY...

WHAT A FOOL I AM!

I FELL FOR IT... I LET THAT SHE-SNAKE COME BETWEEN US!

FOR THE NEXT WEEK I STAYED AWAY FROM EVERYONE...THINKING THAT IN A LITTLE LESS THAN TEN DAYS GARY AND I WOULD'VE BEEN MARRIED... IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HER, DEAR DIARY...

I HAD MEMORIES. TENDER, ACHING MEMORIES, DEAR DIARY...

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, BELOVED. THERE'LL NEVER BE ANYONE BUT YOU!

WE'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE, MY LOVE.

THEN, THE FIRST TIME SOME SILLY WENCH COMES ALONG, I BELIEVE WHAT *SHE* WANTS ME TO THINK... AND I GIVE UP MY ONLY CHANCE AT HAPPINESS.

SCREECCHH

LIKE FUN I WILL!

THERE'S A GALA AT THE YACHT CLUB THIS EVENING...GARY AND I HAD PLANNED TO ATTEND. I'M HOPING HE'LL BE THERE.

I DIP INTO MY TROUSSEAU FOR SOMETHING REALLY SOPHISTICATED... I'D PICTURED MYSELF WEARING IT DURING OUR HONEYMOON IN BERMUDA, DEAR DIARY! AND I DID MY HAIR A NEW WAY... I COULD BE JUST AS WENCHY AS THAT DAME!

MMMMM. YOU LOOK DOWN-RIGHT *WICKED*, DEAR!

THE WICKEDEST THING ABOUT ME IS MY STRAIGHT RIGHT...WHICH MITZI WILL LEARN *THE HARD WAY* IF I'M LUCKY!

A PHONE CALL TO ELLIE TOOK CARE OF GETTING TO THE DANCE, DEAR DIARY...

WOW! YOU'RE LOADED FOR BEAR!

I SURE AM. LET'S GO.

I'M PRETTY SURE MITZI CONNED GARY INTO ESCORTING HER. YOU KNOW GARY ... THE SLOB DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SAY NO!

HE'S A GENTLEMAN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN...WHICH PUTS HIM AT A DISADVANTAGE WITH DEALING WITH SOMEONE LIKE HER.

THERE HE IS...WITH *HER!*

MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, ANNE?

NO. ELLIE'S YOUR GIRL. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. NOW, RUN ALONG.

MITZI'S GOT HER NAILS SUNK SO DEEP IN HIS ARMS HE'LL BE BLACK AND BLUE FOR A WEEK!

THIS IS *OUR DANCE*, GARY!

THE POOR GUY WAS BEING TORN APART, DEAR DIARY! I WAS IMPATIENT ENOUGH TO SHAKE HIM... BUT INSTEAD I SMILED...WITH ALL THE VOLTAGE I COULD TURN ON!

I HOPE HE GETS THE MESSAGE!

I WANT SOME FRESH AIR, MITZI. WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK INSIDE AWHILE?

HI, ANNE...

YOU'RE ALONE, AREN'T YOU, ANNE?

I WAS...I DIDN'T LIKE IT MUCH, GARY.

GARY, YOU BROUGHT ME HERE AND...

GO AWAY, MITZI. NO HARD FEELINGS AND ALL THAT...JUST GET LOST!

HE WASN'T WORTH THE TROUBLE, ANYHOW.

ANNE... THAT TIME IN THE KITCHEN, I DIDN'T... I MEAN SHE...

I CAN GUESS WHAT HAPPENED, DARLING. I WAS STUPID NOT TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!

I JUST SLIPPED THE RING BACK ON, DARLING... WE'RE ENGAGED AGAIN, AREN'T WE?

YOU BET WE ARE, SWEETIE...

I LOVE YOU, DARLING... I ALWAYS WILL.

GARY, I WAS A FOOL TO EVER DOUBT IT! THINGS WORKED OUT PERFECTLY FOR EVERYONE...

ALMOST.

END

SOME DAY I'LL HAVE... TIME FOR LOVE!

IT'S SO GOOD TO BE HOME...HOME WITH MY PARENTS, SEEING THEM IN THE $40,000 HOUSE I BOUGHT FOR THEM...AWAY FROM THE SLUM WHERE I HAD GROWN UP WITH ARNIE, RUTHIE, AND ALL THE PEOPLE I HAD SWORN SOME DAY TO GET AWAY FROM AS I CLIMBED TO THE TOP! THE HIGHER I CLIMBED THOUGH...THE DEARER CERTAIN MEMORIES BECAME... AND, NOW, I VIVIDLY RECALL ARNIE KISSING ME YEARS AND YEARS AGO...WHEN MY NAME WAS TWO SYLLABLES LONGER AND NOT WELL KNOWN... WHEN I WAS THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS!

IT WASN'T AN ORDINARY TEEN-AGE ROMANCE IN THOSE DAYS. I NEVER DATED ANY OTHER BOYS... AND ARNIE WAS ALWAYS SO SWEET...

B-485

SCRIPT BY: J. GILL, ART BY: V. COLLETTA. LETTERED BY: A, MACHINE.

DAD BROKE HIS LEG WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN... WE'D GET SOME MONEY FROM COMPENSATION OR SOMEWHERE...BUT NOT NEARLY ENOUGH. MOM WAS GOING TO TAKE A JOB SCRUBBING FLOORS IN AN OFFICE BUILDING BUT...

DAD AND STEVIE NEED YOU HOME, MA. LET ME GET A JOB...

NO! YOU ARE A HONOR STUDENT...YOU MUST GET A COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP.

ARNIE WILL HELP, MOM. I'LL SPEAK TO THE PRINCIPAL... ASK IF HE CAN ARRANGE SOMETHING. THIS IS MY LAST YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL.

I TOLD THE PRINCIPAL, MR. GRAY, THAT I'D HAVE TO WORK, I HAD NO CHOICE, BUT ARNIE WOULD TUTOR ME EVENINGS...

ALRIGHT, LAUREL. YOU'VE BEEN A HARD WORKER AND AN EXCELLENT STUDENT. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU FIND SUITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

NEXT MORNING, MR. GRAY STOPPED ME AS I ARRIVED IN SCHOOL...

LAUREL, I TELEPHONED AN OLD FRIEND WHO HAS AN ADVERTISING AGENCY. GO DOWN AND SEE HIM RIGHT NOW.

MR. HERNDON WAS NICE...

MR. GRAY ASSURES ME YOU CAN TYPE AND YOU'RE BRIGHT, LAUREL. YOU'LL LEARN EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO KNOW.

THIS WAS A NEW WORLD AND I LEARNED FROM IT!

I KNOW THE CURRENT STYLES ARE FOR SHORT, SHORT DRESSES AND MANY YOUNG GIRLS WEAR THEM VERY TIGHT...BUT LOOK AROUND... THE MOST ATTRACTIVE WOMEN DON'T DRESS THAT WAY.

THANKS, MISS THATCH.

I WORKED HARD EACH DAY... AND MY SALARY WAS GENEROUS. THEN, AT NIGHT, I SLAVED WITH ARNIE WHO GAVE UP EVERY OTHER ACTIVITY TO PASS ON WHAT HE'D LEARNED THAT DAY IN SCHOOL.

GO HOME, ARNOLD, IT'S LATE!

EXAMS FRIDAY, MRS. REDETSKI. WE WANT LAUREL TO GET STRAIGHT A'S!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR ALL THIS, ARNIE?

YOU'RE MY GIRL, LAUREL... I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU.

WOULD YOU, ARNIE?

THIS WAS A MOMENT I REMEMBERED AND TREASURED IN THE YEARS THAT CAME AFTERWARD...

A MOMENT OF ECSTASY!

ABOUT A WEEK LATER, MR. HERNDON CALLED ME INTO HIS OFFICE...

YES, MR. HERNDON?

MR. GARY TOLD ME LAST NIGHT YOU ACHIEVED STRAIGHT A'S IN ALL YOUR SUBJECTS... HE SAYS YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE OF SCHOLORSHIPS.

THAT'S TRUE, MR. HERNDON.

I SUGGEST YOU MAJOR IN ADVERTISING, LAUREL. YOU'VE GOT BRAINS, AMBITION, AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

BUT THE STATE UNIVERSITY NEAR HERE DOESN'T HAVE A DECENT ADVERTISING COURSE, SIR.

I SUGGEST YOU ENROLL IN A LARGER UNIVERSITY...I THINK I CAN ARRANGE FOR PART-TIME EMPLOYMENT IF YOU DO.

I APPLIED TO THE UNIVERSITY MR. HERNDON HAD RECOMMENDED, WAS ACCEPTED, AND THEN I BROKE THE NEWS TO ARNIE...

BUT, LAUREL, YOUR DAD HAS HIS JOB BACK AND I THOUGHT WE...

I CAN'T LET THIS OPPORTUNITY GO BY, DARLING. YOU UNDER-STAND...

WE LOVE EACH OTHER, NOW, LAUREL. ...BUT IF YOU GO AWAY I MIGHT LOSE YOU TO SOMEONE ELSE!

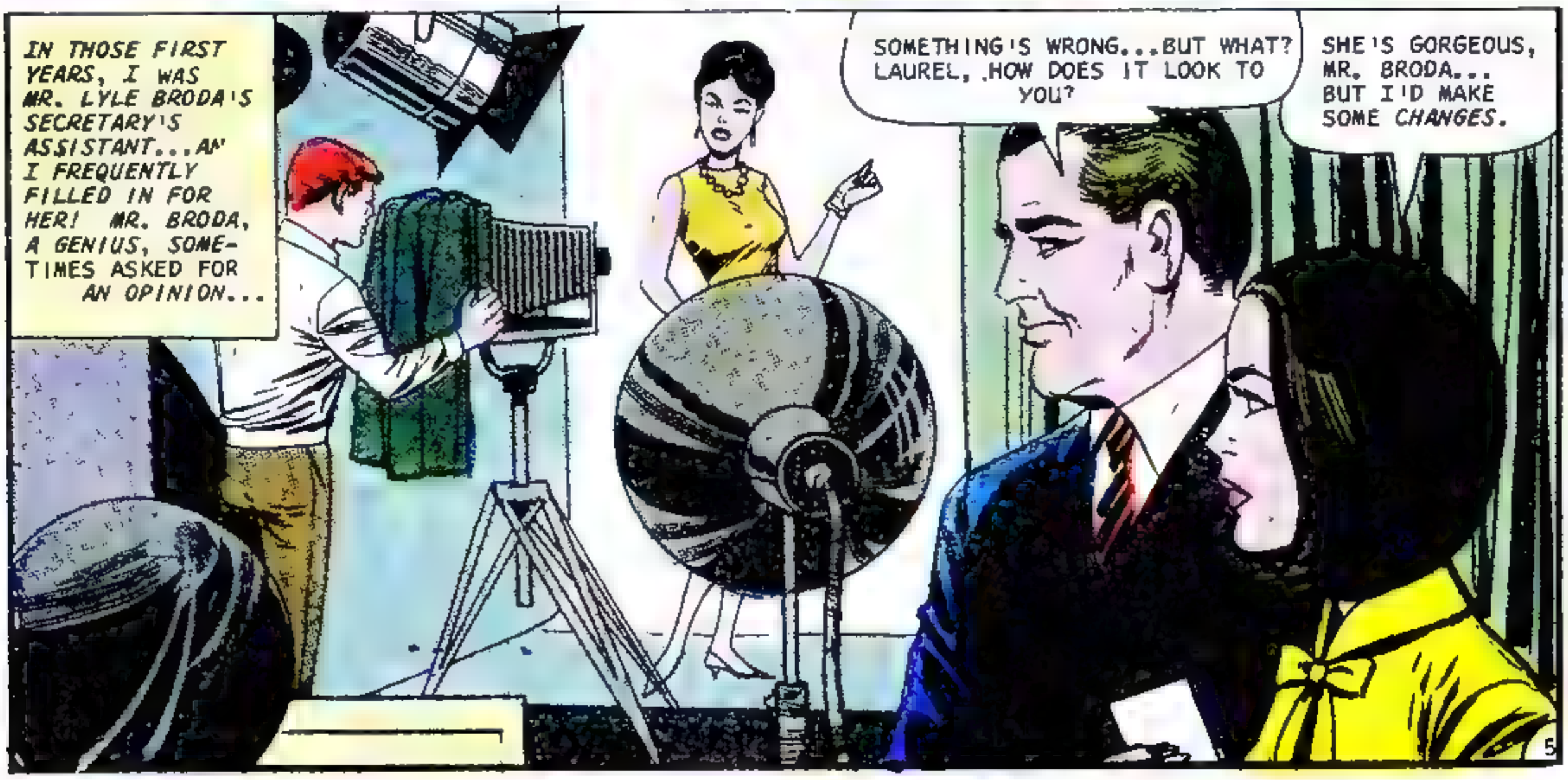
NO, YOU WON'T, ARNIE! I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU.

THAT NIGHT, THAT GLORIOUS MOMENT, NEITHER OF US HAD ANY DOUBTS. THE FUTURE WAS OURS TO SHARE...

WE'LL WRITE EVERY DAY, DARLING.
AND SEE EACH OTHER, OFTEN. WE'LL HAVE WONDERFUL TIMES TOGETHER!

WE DID WRITE OFTEN... AT FIRST!
HOW DOES LAUREL WORK ALL THOSE HOURS IN THE AD AGENCY, MAINTAIN A HIGH AVERAGE, AND STILL FIND TIME TO WRITE LETTERS?

SHE USED TO WRITE EVERY DAY...BUT NOW SHE WRITES TO THAT HICK COLLEGE ONLY ONCE A WEEK!


IN THOSE FIRST YEARS, I WAS MR. LYLE BRODA'S SECRETARY'S ASSISTANT...AN' I FREQUENTLY FILLED IN FOR HER! MR. BRODA, A GENIUS, SOMETIMES ASKED FOR AN OPINION...
SOMETHING'S WRONG...BUT WHAT? LAUREL, HOW DOES IT LOOK TO YOU?
SHE'S GORGEOUS, MR. BRODA... BUT I'D MAKE SOME CHANGES.

I EXPLAINED, CAUTIOUS BECAUSE I WAS ONLY A PART-TIME SECRETARY AND SHE A FAMOUS MODEL. MR. BRODA LISTENED UNTIL I FINISHED...

I WILL *NOT* WEAR MY HAIR THAT WAY OR HAVE THE DRESS ANY TIGHTER THAN IT IS! AS FOR THE EYE SHADOW...

OF COURSE IT'S VULGAR, BRENDA, BUT THE PRODUCT WE'RE ADVERTISING IS VULGAR TOO! WE'LL TRY IT LAUREL'S WAY!

IN A MONTH, MR. BRODA HAD BEGUN ASKING FOR MY ADVICE ON ALL HIS LAYOUTS. HE GAVE ME A A BIG RAISE, A DESK OF MY OWN ... AND BRENDA LODGE WAS MORE FAMOUS THAN EVER!

LAUREL, THOSE CORNY SUGGESTIONS YOU MADE WERE TREMENDOUS! I'M MORE IN DEMAND THAN EVER...

I DIDN'T MAKE THE MISTAKE OF NEGLECTING MY COURSES. I HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO REALIZE I'D NEED ALL THE TRAINING I COULD GET...

HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY TAKE TWO EXTRA COURSES THIS SEMESTER?

LOOK...I DON'T GO ON DATES OR TO DANCES AND ALL THAT! MY SOCIAL LIFE AND RECREATION ARE IN THE AGENCY...I'M ENJOYING LIFE, HONESTLY.

I RECEIVED LETTERS FROM ARNIE BUT I WROTE TO HIM ONCE A MONTH OR LESS...

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

ONE AFTERNOON, THREE YEARS AFTER I STARTED MY DUAL COLLEGE-AND-ADVERTISING CAREER SUSIE, OUR RECEPTIONIST, TOLD ME I HAD A VISITOR...

ARNIE! HOW WONDERFUL!

PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T'VE COME HERE, LAUREL. I DIDN'T REALIZE...

MISS REED

COME IN HERE, ARNIE. THIS IS MY OFFICE NOW.

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, LAUREL. I KNEW YOU WERE AWFULLY BUSY...BUT I THOUGHT THIS WAS A PART-TIME JOB...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TYPIST OR SOMETHING. YOU DIDN'T EXPLAIN IN ANY OF YOUR LETTERS. THE LAST ONE WAS SEVEN AND-A-HALF MONTHS AGO.

REALLY? OH, DARLING, I MEANT TO WRITE BUT I...WAIT A MINUTE. THE TELPHHONE IS RINGING.

RRING

HELLO? OH, YES, LYLE. DINNER WITH YOU AND THE CLIENT? VERY WELL. I'LL COME INTO YOUR OFFICE IN A MINUTE. I'VE GOT SOMEONE WITH ME NOW.

NOW DARLING, YOU CAN...

HE'S GONE!

I GOT MY BACHELOR OF ARTS DEGREE WITH RESPECTABLE MARKS. MOM AND DAD WERE THRILLED, OF COURSE...

NOW, YOU COME HOME, LIVE WITH US?

OH, MOM, I CAN'T! NOT YET.

THE FIRM HAD GIFTED ME WITH A BEAUTIFUL CONVERTIBLE WHEN I GRADUATED AS A BONUS... PLUS ANOTHER FABULOUS PROMOTION AND RAISE...

YOU SMART GIRL...NOT SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW TO BE A HAPPY GIRL!

OH, DAD, DON'T SPOIL MY DAY!

TIME WAS GOING BY... AND I KNEW WITH BITTER KNOWLEDGE WHAT DAD MEANT.

NO MAN I'VE EVER MET HAS MEANT ANYTHING TO ME. ARNIE IS THE ONLY ONE I'LL EVER LOVE...

I'LL WRITE TO HIM...MAYBE HE'LL COME TO THE CITY AND WE CAN GET RE-ACQUAINTED.

BUT...

...IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME, DRIVE UP HERE IN THAT NICE NEW CAR, LAUREL. I'M TOO BUSY, KID. 'BYE.

I'D WANTED TO DO SOMETHING FOR MY FOLKS FOR A LONG TIME. NOW I SELECTED A BEAUTIFUL NEW HOME AND WROTE A CHECK FOR THE WHOLE AMOUNT...

THEY'LL LOVE THEIR NEW HOME, MISS REDETSKI!

REED, MR. FORBES. I CHANGED MY NAME FROM REDETSKI TO REED A LONG TIME AGO!

I'D CONTACTED MR. HERNDON AND MADE A DEAL WITH HIM... I'D BECOME A PARTNER IN HIS SMALLER AGENCY...AND I'D LIVE WITH MY FOLKS AGAIN! THEY THREW A PARTY ...ALL OUR OLD FRIENDS WERE THERE...BUT ARNIE WAS IN ANOTHER GIRL'S ARMS!

WHAT'S THE USE? I'LL NEVER KNOW HAPPINESS...

WELCOME HOME LA

DON'T STOP ON MY ACCOUNT, ROMEO!

CUT IT OUT, LAUREL. RUTHIE AND I AREN'T EVEN VERY GOOD FRIENDS. SHE JUST WANTED TO BE OBNOXIOUS WHEN SHE SAW YOU COMING...

I... I GUESS I FORGOT WHAT THINGS ARE MOST IMPORTANT, ARNIE. ALL THE LETTERS I DIDN'T WRITE... THE INVITATIONS I IGNORED... THEY'RE ALL *HAUNTING* ME NOW!

YOU HAD A GOAL, LAUREL! ...YOU ACHIEVED IT!

I'M SUCCESSFUL TOO, LAUREL. YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS WERE A SPUR TO ME... I WANTED TO BE ABLE TO STAND HERE SOME DAY AND SAY...

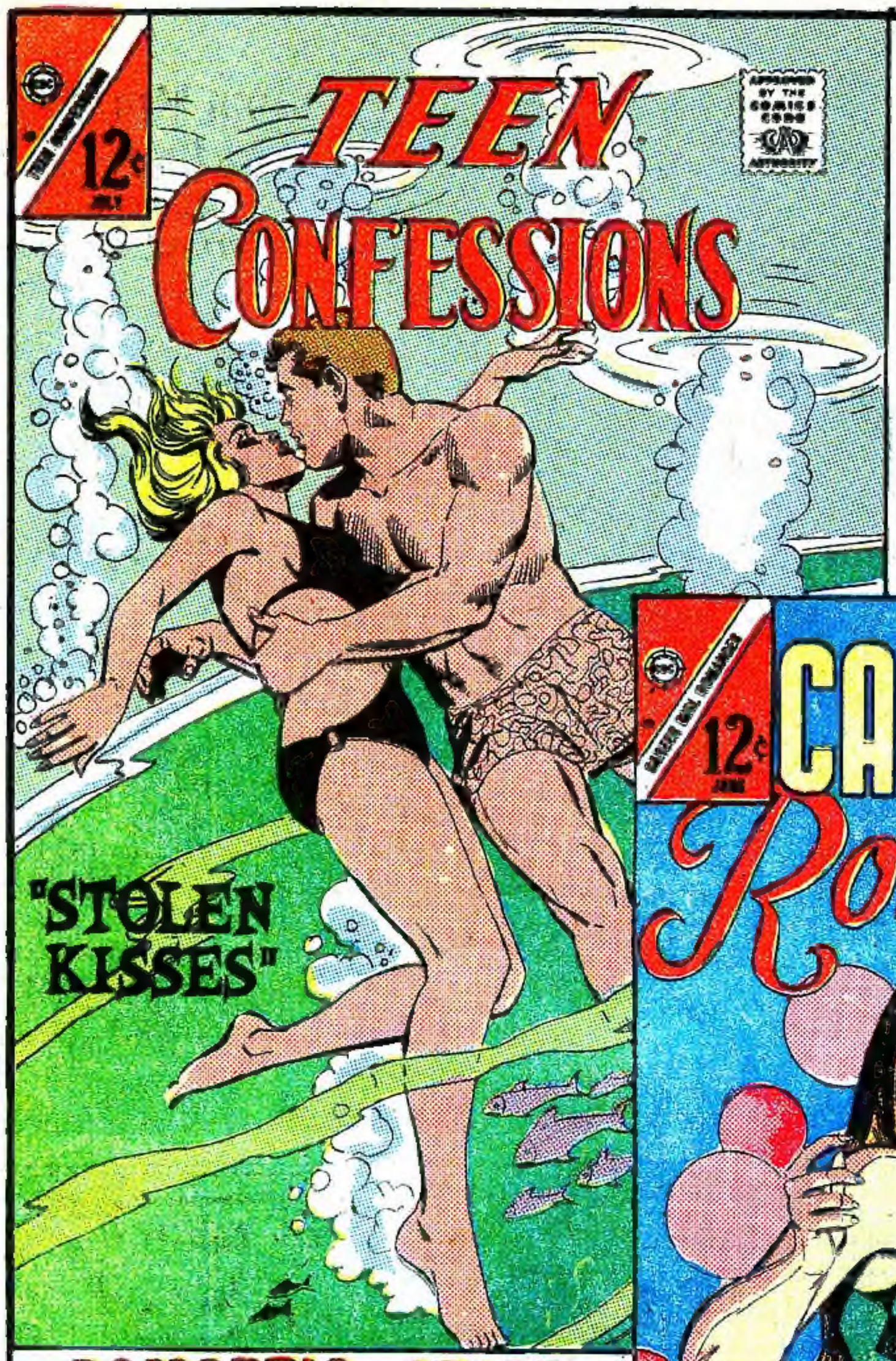
SAY *WHAT*, ARNIE?

SAY *I LOVE YOU, LAUREL*... I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE!

OH, ARNIE...I WAS AFRAID I'D LOST YOU!

NOW...I'D ACHIEVED MY GOALS... AND NOW WAS THE ...TIME FOR LOVE!

END



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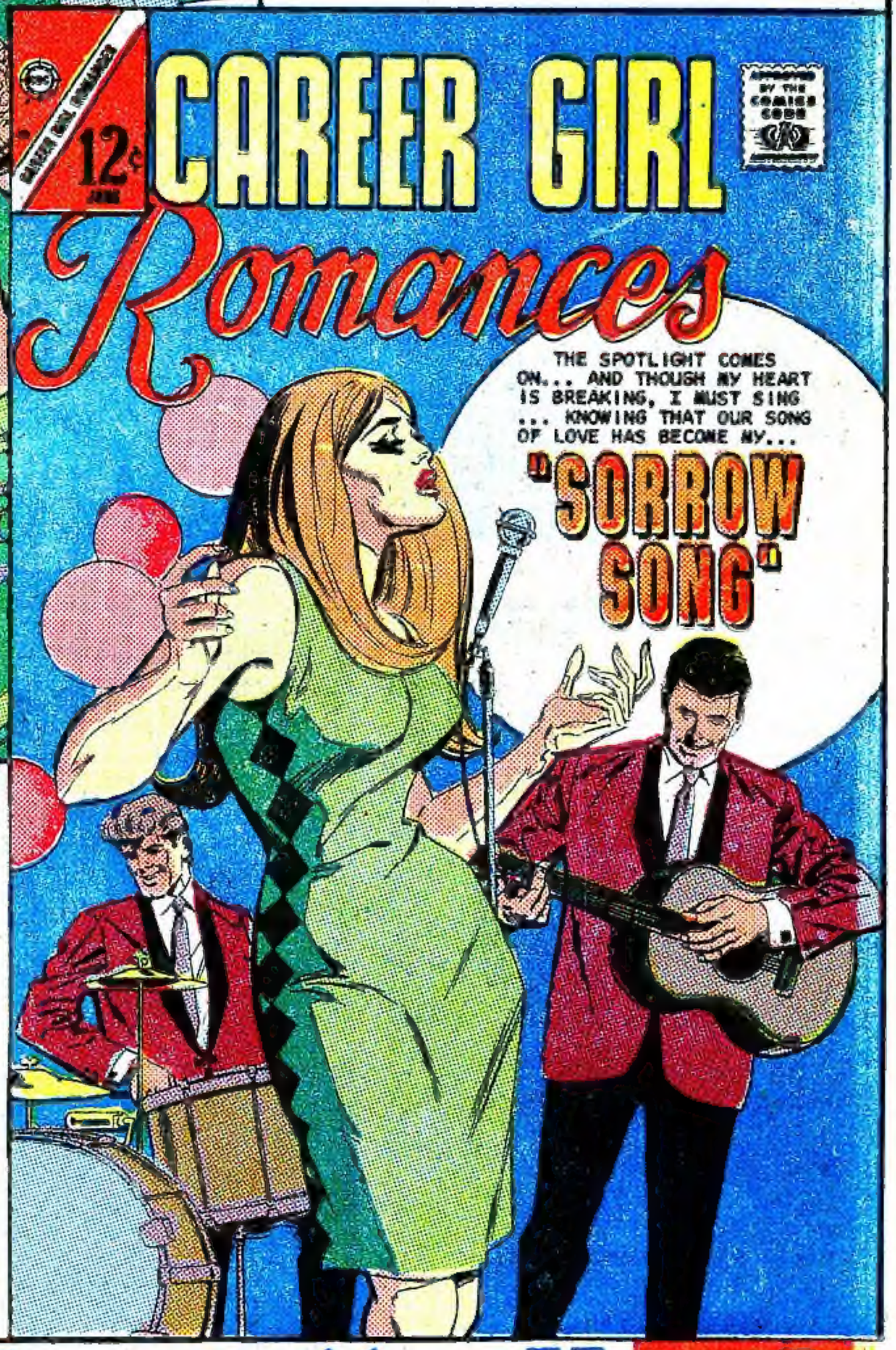
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CAREER GIRL Romances
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE SPOTLIGHT COMES ON... AND THOUGH MY HEART IS BREAKING, I MUST SING ... KNOWING THAT OUR SONG OF LOVE HAS BECOME MY...
"SORROW SONG"

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